

To the K I N G.

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*Dii Patrii, Indigetes, et Romule, Vestaq; Mater,
Quæ Tuscum Tiberim et Romana Palatia servas,
Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere sæculo
Ne prohibete.-----*

Virg.

AS a fond Mother anxious for her Son,
Whom raging Seas and Winds detain from Home ;
No less impatient, Winds and Waves we fear'd
Till You auspicious on our Coasts appear'd.

But smiling Joys now sit on ev'ry Face,
All striving who shall most Your Triumph Grace ;
Rejoicing that where-ever You Command,
There J U S T I C E Reigns with an impartial Hand ;
There A R T S prevail ; and V I R T U E from Above
Inspires each Breast with U N I T Y and L O V E ;
T R U T H, L I B E R T Y, and M E R C Y there abound,
And P E A C E with downy Wings fits brooding on the
Ground.

Accept, G R E A T S I R, these Realms for You design'd,
'Tho' far beneath Your Worth and greater Mind.
'Twas Here the E D W A R D S did the Scepter sway ; {
The People Here the H E N R Y S did obey ;
And Here N A S S A U his Virtues did display.
Like Him propitious on B R I T A N N I A smile ;
Like Him defend, and save our sinking I'le ;
Like Him on Earth the Golden Age renew,
And the G R E A T W I L L I A M's Steps to Heav'n pursue.

